

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

HUSTLE

ANNE KANE

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Anne Kane

Kaylee has no idea that she's a prairie dog shifter, or that the reason for all the male attention she's been attracting is her first heat cycle. When her boss fires her in a jealous fit of rage, she decides to go find some action at the local biker bar.

When the cute little dawg waltzes onto his turf, Logan isn't about to let any of his buddies get their paws on her. A game of pool turns into a sexy seduction as Logan introduces her to loving, Prairie Dawg style.

Chapter One

Kaylee paused and stared at the prairie dog town that spread out endlessly across the flat terrain. Hundreds of the cute little critters popped their heads out of their burrows and started to whistle the minute she'd stepped out of her sporty little Miata in the parking lot of the Prairie Dawg Saloon. The full moon tonight must be affecting the furry little things.

She ran her fingers through her hair and pushed her way through the front doors of the saloon. The subdued roar of conversation she'd heard from the far end of the parking lot stopped as every male in the place turned to stare at her.

Great. She'd come here to blow off some steam. After a hellish day at work that culminated in that bitch of a boss firing her in a very public display of jealousy, she didn't need a whole room full of people staring at her. She glared at the two men closest, a couple of burly biker types she'd normally drool over, and they quickly looked away. She turned her head to glare at the room in general and felt a surge of satisfaction when the men shrugged and went back to whatever it was they were discussing.

Pleased with herself, she stalked over to the bar and hopped up onto a barstool. A nice cold bottle of beer would go a long way toward helping her mellow out. She spotted the bartender talking to a dark-haired man farther down the bar. He straightened up when she caught his eye and headed toward her.

"Evenin', ma'am. Name's Bucky." He studied her with open curiosity. "I don't recall seeing you around before, but you look mighty familiar."

Kaylee rolled her eyes. That had to be the lamest pickup line in the book, and she didn't dignify it with an answer. "Give me a cold beer. Please."

"Comin' right up." He gave her a bucktoothed grin and waddled off toward the cooler.

She eyed up his plump figure, struck by his amazing resemblance to the prairie dogs that lived in a huge warren of dens and burrows outside of town. The locals occasionally grumbled about the antics of the cute little rodents, but they were fiercely protective of them. "They may be a dang nuisance," Aunt Cee often said, "but they're our nuisances, and nobody's going to hurt a hair on any one of their plump little butts."

Well, cute as the prairie dogs were, a plump butt didn't send any shivers of excitement down her spine. She swiveled on the bar stool and surveyed the prospects. For a notorious biker hangout, the action looked tame. Sure, most of the guys sported at least some leather...

"Blake. It must've been Blake."

She turned back to the bar, frowning as she accepted the frosty bottle from Bucky. "What must have been Blake?"

"Sorry, sometimes I'm a bit hard to follow." He gave her an apologetic shrug. "Blake was a real nice guy, friend of just about everyone here. He came in one day, bragging about this girl in town, real looker. Said he was going straight, going to marry her. Got picked off by a damn eagle the very next morning." Bucky shook his head sadly. "Never did figure out who the girl was, but it must've been your mama. You're the spittin' image of him, and the scent is unmistakable."

Kaylee stared at the chubby bartender in alarm. She assumed an eagle would have to be a rival biker gang, but what the hell did he mean by "scent"? Surely, he didn't think she smelled like some guy he used to know! She picked up her beer and edged away from the bar. The last thing she needed today was another person flipping out.

A movement at the back of the bar caught her eye as a dark-haired biker sauntered across the well-worn dance floor. Snug fitting jeans showed off his tight butt as he leaned over an ancient jukebox and pushed a few buttons. An old country tune filled the air, and the man straightened, turning to face her.

Kaylee sucked in a deep breath as molten heat ignited deep inside her and she felt her pussy dampen. He caught her gaze, dark eyes smoldering with passion as he sauntered over to one of the well-worn tables and picked up a long-necked bottle, taking a deep swig. Tall and lean, he wore a tight tee shirt and a worn leather vest with those jeans. No plump butt on this one. Despite the sudden feeling that she was in way over her head, Kaylee found her herself drifting in the direction of the jukebox.

Chapter Two

Logan could smell the little dawg's scent from the other side of the room -- the unmistakable scent of a female in heat. He'd been out of town for over two months, and human females didn't interest him, so he'd been celibate for the entire time. Predictably, that left him a little edgy. Celibacy just wasn't a natural part of his character. As the financial advisor of the Prairie Dawgs, he'd gone to deal with the mess created by the stock market crash and ensuing credit crunch. Necessary work, but boring as hell.

The female's ripe scent was driving him to the brink of shifting, and he didn't intend to let any of the others get a jump on him. He didn't know who she was -- yet -- but he hoped to be the one who'd be jumping her cute little behind. She was quite a looker, and his cock swelled in anticipation.

Long, dark hair framed a delicate, pixie-like face with full, sensual lips. Small white teeth worried her bottom lip as she drifted in his direction. Short by human standards, her petite frame was curvy in all the right places. He doubted she was much more than twenty; she probably hadn't been shifting for long.

His eyes narrowed as a sudden thought occurred. Had she ever shifted? Usually, the first shift came during the female's first heat cycle. Did she know her heritage? She'd waltzed into the Prairie Dawg bar without considering what the scent of an unattached female in season would do to a randy bunch of bikers. That likely meant she had no idea, and instinct had brought her this far. He felt the corner of his mouth turn up in a wicked grin. He'd enjoy teaching her all she needed to know about loving, Prairie Dawg style.

An appreciative whistle sounded behind him, and he turned to glare at Quentin Mosely.

A slow grin spread across Quentin's face as he extended his hands and shrugged eloquently before turning back to his drink. Smart move. Damn teacher didn't need to be flaunting his looks at Logan's girl.

He looked back at her as she paused beside the jukebox. He took a step closer, crowding her personal space just enough to let the other males know he didn't plan to share. "I haven't seen you around here before. What's your name?"

"Kaylee." She didn't elaborate, just studied him with those sexy dark eyes.

A nice name, and it suited her -- sharp and witty. "Well, Kaylee. Nice to meet you. Can I buy you a drink?"

Kaylee looked down at the bottle in her hand, still half-full. Mischief dancing in those gorgeous dark eyes, she lifted it to her lips and chug-a-lugged the contents without pausing for breath. She carefully licked the foam from her mouth and smiled. "Another beer would be lovely, thank you." She passed him the empty bottle, taking a good look at the men lounging around the room. "Are you guys really all bikers? You don't look scary." She glanced up, and his groin tightened at the liquid heat in her eyes. "You know my name. What's yours?"

Logan took the bottle and set it on one of the tables, gesturing to Bucky for a refill. "Sorry, it's such a close-knit group around here I just assume everyone knows me. I'm Logan Smith." He took her arm and gently herded her ahead of him. "There's an empty booth over here. Bucky will bring your drink."

He threw a triumphant glance back at Quentin. He didn't intend to waste time fighting when he already had possession of the prize. He watched the tempting sway of her hips as she preceded him to the booth, and he paused to let her slide onto the leather seat before he sat down. It always paid to show you had some manners.

"Bikers aren't all bad guys, you know." He flashed his never-fail grin. "I've got a master's in business finance from Kansas State U, and I'm a certified financial planner with offices in two states. My bike is the big blue touring rig you passed on your way in, not one of those ape hangers you see in the old Steve McQueen movies." He paused

to take a swig of his beer. "So what do you do when you're not slumming in the Prairie Dawg?"

"I'm a legal assistant. Or rather," she corrected herself, "I was until an hour ago, when the bitch I worked for accused me of being a disruptive influence and fired me." She looked up at Bucky as the plump bartender placed a frosty bottle in front of her. "Thank you." He gave her a friendly grin before turning to amble back to the bar.

Logan let out a low whistle. "Let me guess. You were getting more of the male attention than she was?"

Kaylee glared at him. "Well, it's not my fault. I've worked there for over a year, and all of a sudden, the damned idiots are making passes right and left. She should have fired some of them." She tossed her head, and her long hair flowed down her back in a silky cascade. "What is it with guys, anyway? When I walked in here you all stared at me as if I'd sprouted horns. Do I have a Kick Me Now sign on my back or something?"

Logan let his glance slide over her and noted the color staining her cheeks. More like a Fuck Me Now sign. He debated using a glib lie but opted for the watered down version of the truth. "You're gorgeous and available and looking for some action. It's in the way you walk, the tilt of your head. Hell, it's in your eyes. Any man who's still alive can sense it the minute you enter the room." He nodded. "Not likely a bunch of lawyers would have the common sense to realize it, but your coworkers would have been affected by the increased pheromone level." He paused and gave her a wry grin. "Ex-coworkers."

"Well, it's not my fault they behaved like they didn't have a brain to share between them." She took a ladylike sip from her bottle of beer, and her attention wandered to his shoulders.

He suppressed a triumphant grin. She might not have appreciated the attention of her coworkers, but he wasn't a lawyer, and he knew how to treat a fine dawg like her.

A sudden smell permeated the bar, and Kaylee wrinkled her nose in disgust. Before she could ask, Bucky stomped across the bar and flung open the front door, screaming incoherently into the night. She looked at Logan, who just smiled and shook his head.

"Peppie's up to his old tricks. Damn skunk shifter's really been getting under Bucky's skin lately." He smirked. "Maybe it's his way of getting Bucky to notice him."

Kaylee laughed and took another swig of her beer. "Maybe I could convince him to haunt my former employer."

"You'd have to actually catch sight of him first. He manages to leave his mark without getting caught." He admired the rise and fall of her breasts under the form-fitting blouse she had on.

"Care for a game?" He let the question hang in the air between them for a moment, shifting to a more comfortable position as his cock reacted to her proximity. "A game of pool. There are three private rooms in the back. I'm sure one of them is available." She frowned at him, and for a moment, he thought she was going to refuse.

"What the heck. I don't have anything better to do tonight." She glanced at the felt-covered table visible through the nearest doorway.

Logan felt the corner of his mouth curve upward in the beginnings of a grin. "Great. After you." He admired the saucy sway of her hips as she preceded him through the doorway, pausing beside the assortment of cues.

He pulled the door firmly closed behind him. What he had in mind didn't need an audience.

"This place is a lot nicer than I expected." She looked around the well-appointed room. "What with being a biker hangout and all."

"Allow me." Logan ignored her comment and reached around her to pluck a shorter cue from the rack. "This one is easier for beginners to handle." He handed her the cue, his mouth going dry as she ran her slender fingers over the smooth shaft. He could just imagine how it would feel when she wrapped those fingers around his cock.

She circled the table to stand opposite him. Bending over, she laid the stick out and ran it awkwardly through her fingers. "Not as easy as it looks," she observed. She tilted her head and grinned up at him from beneath the heavy fall of hair. "Care to give me a few pointers?"

Logan took in the luscious view of her cleavage, barely contained by the silky material of her tight blouse. He ruthlessly suppressed the urge to grab her by the hand and drag her out to his burrow with him. She'd obviously been raised human, and she deserved to be courted in the human way. Besides, sex was so much more fun as a biped. "It's probably easiest if I just help you with the first few shots." He came up behind her, reaching around her body to close his hands over hers on the cue. "First you need to bend forward from the waist."

Kaylee leaned forward obediently, forcing Logan to arch over her from behind. "Like this?"

He couldn't see her face, but he could hear the suppressed laughter in her voice. The little dawg thought she could tease him! Well, two could play at that game. He shifted his weight forward and snugged his jeans-clad erection into the lush curves of her butt.

The feel of her sumptuous, feminine curves beneath him was almost more than he could handle. He lowered his head to breathe in the fresh, sweet smell of her hair. Time to up the ante. "Perhaps a little wager might make things more interesting. Ever heard of strip stripes and solids?"

Chapter Three

Kaylee wiggled her butt, savoring the feel of the monstrous hard-on trapped between them. Common sense told her it wasn't smart to closet herself alone with a perfect stranger, but damn, she wanted him.

She twisted her neck to look back at him. "Strip what?"

"Strip stripes and solids." A slow, wicked grin spread across his handsome face as he let go of her and straightened up. "It's simple. Either the balls are solid colors, or they have stripes across them." He picked up two of the balls and held them for her to see. "You pick one or the other, and try to sink all of those balls." He tossed a cherry red orb into the air. "We take turns shooting. Every time you sink one, I'll remove an article of clothing." He replaced the balls on the table. "Of course, I'll be doing the same with the other balls in the hopes of getting you naked before I run out of clothing."

Kaylee arched a brow at him. She really should have told him that she knew how to play pool. "Are you serious?"

Logan grinned down at her, and she could feel her pussy go damp at the lust sparkling in the depths of his eyes. "Not afraid, are you?" he taunted.

"Of what?"

"Losing."

"Losing!" She tossed her head. "What makes you so sure I'm going to lose?"

He chuckled, ignoring the question. "Well, then. Do you want to break, or shall I?"

She couldn't resist the urge to hustle him. She gave him her best puzzled look. "Break what?"

Logan laughed, the sound rich and sexy in the close confines of the room. "Never mind, I'll do it." Racking up the balls, he came around the table.

Kaylee admired the smooth play of muscles under his tight shirt as he bent over the table to line up his shot. She hadn't intended to hustle him, but he'd just assumed she didn't know how to play. Correcting him now would be awkward. Her younger brother had paid his way through school hustling tourists at the Barkus Bar and Billiards, and he'd taught her a few things. She watched as the balls scattered to the far reaches of the table, two of the striped ones falling neatly into the side pockets.

"Guess that makes you solids." Logan picked up the little cube of chalk and ran it across the top of his cue. "We won't worry about calling them this time. Just try to get one to drop into a pocket."

"Like this?" She leaned forward and lined up an easy shot, deliberately missing the ball entirely.

"Yeah. But you need to hit the ball." Logan grabbed the cue ball and placed it back where it had started. "Give it another try."

"Maybe you could help me?" She really wanted to feel that nice hard shaft of his against her ass again.

Logan bent over her, his chin resting lightly on her shoulder. She leaned back into him as he placed her hands farther apart on the cue.

"You need to concentrate." His breath tickled her ear, and she closed her eyes. She was concentrating, but not on the balls. At least, not on the ones on the table. Much more of this, and she'd be ripping his clothes off and ravishing him right here on the pool table. She eyed up the velvety surface. Not a bad idea.

She corrected the aim slightly and sank the blue ball in the far corner pocket. "Like that?"

Logan gave her an encouraging smile. "Exactly like that."

She waited a few seconds before asking, "Aren't you supposed to take something off now?"

He laughed. "Sure am. You ready for the manly goodness that's about to assail your eyes?"

Kaylee burst out laughing. She loved a guy with a sense of humor. "I think I can handle it." Privately, she wasn't so sure. If her pussy got any hotter, she'd be stripping just to feel a cool breeze wafting across her nether regions.

Logan grasped the bottom of his shirt, pulling it up and over his head with a dramatic flourish.

Kaylee swallowed hard, drinking in the sight of his rock-hard abs and the dark V of hair that disappeared into the waistband of his jeans. She turned back to the table and sank three more solid balls in rapid succession. Turning back to Logan, she looked pointedly at the big hump visible beneath his tight jeans. "Time to see what you got."

Logan stepped away from the table. "We're supposed to take turns," he pointed out, "but I guess I can spot you a couple." His hands dropped to the waistband of his snug jeans. He kept eye contact as he drew the zipper down with a sharp, metallic whir.

Kaylee's attention centered on his hips as he gave a saucy wiggle, pulling the rough denim down to expose a pair of dark jockey shorts. The smile on his face was darkly taunting as he slipped off his shoes before he kicked the jeans into an untidy heap.

"Two shoes and a pair of jeans." He sauntered across the room and picked up his cue. "My turn."

Kaylee couldn't keep her attention off the long bulge tenting the front of his shorts. She licked her lips and watched as he bent over the pool table and sunk the blue striped ball in the corner pocket. Her mouth watered at the smooth play of muscles across his rib cage as he sunk the red striped ball in the far side pocket. He stood and ran his hot gaze over her in a slow, intimate appraisal before he sank a third ball, the green striped one, with a careless slide of the cue.

"Start stripping." He turned to face her, and the gleam of anticipation in his eyes sent a dart of heat lancing down her spine. "You can begin with that preppy little blouse."

Kaylee made a show of turning to face him, toying with the buttons as she slowly drew the edges of the lacy fabric apart to reveal the bulging mounds of her breasts,

pushed up in a scrap of lace artfully wired to present her in the best possible light. She made sure she had his full attention as she shrugged her shoulders, letting the material slide off onto the floor in a sexy pool of discarded fabric. She held her chin high, and her hands went to the front clasp of the bra.

"No."

She raised her brows in question.

He leered cheerfully at her hips. "Leave it on for now. I want your jeans off."

"Okay, then." Kaylee trailed a finger down her stomach. "If you're sure you can handle it." She undid the belt and slipped it from the loops, letting it dangle suggestively from her fingertips for a moment before tossing it aside. "That's two."

She slid the zipper down and started to wiggle her hips in a sexy parody of a belly dance, slowly working the tight material down her hips to reveal a very skimpy black lace thong. With an awkward kick of her foot, she managed to shed the jeans without removing her footwear. She loved the way his eyes darkened with lust as she revealed her body. She knew the spike heeled black shoes she'd purchased on her last trip to the big city showed her legs off nicely, and she intended to keep them on as long as possible.

She felt her cheeks heat as she turned to the table and picked up her cue. She could almost feel his hot stare on her naked butt as she leaned forward to line up her next shot. Logan's last turn had left most of the solid-colored balls blocked behind others, and it took her a few minutes to find a likely angle. She banked the cue ball off the far side and sank the blue ball neatly into the corner pocket.

She straightened up and turned, a triumphant smile starting to curve the corners of her mouth -- only to gulp when she found Logan standing a mere foot behind her. The darkly wicked grin on his face told her he didn't consider her shot to be a bad thing.

"Ready, darlin'?" The sexy drawl in his voice sent a shiver of anticipation sliding through her veins.

Then he slipped his jockey shorts off his hips in one slick movement, and all rational thought fled.

She watched the bobbing of his long, hard shaft as it sprang free of its prison, curving upward from a thick nest of dark brown curls. She wet her lips with the tip of her tongue and just stared. Oh yeah. She was more than ready for a taste of that.

Chapter Four

Logan growled low in the back of his throat and stepped forward, catching the little dawg as she threw herself into his arms, her lips latching onto his with a desperate hunger. She opened her mouth and their tongues met, straining eagerly as they slid across each other in a fiercely erotic dance that sent flickers of dark heat racing through his every nerve. She tasted of peppermint and beer, with a hint of something he couldn't quite identify. It was a taste he could easily learn to crave.

He swept her up in his arms and sat her on the edge of the velvet-covered pool table. Her thighs parted as he stepped between them, and she wrapped her legs around his waist, urging him even closer. Her firm body felt deliciously warm, the soft curves fitting against him perfectly.

His nostrils flared as the scent of her heat wafted up from behind the sexy little scrap of lace covering her damp pussy. Her ankles locked behind his back, and she rocked urgently against him, her sex rubbing up and down his turgid shaft in a maddening invitation. He gritted his teeth, sucking air into his lungs as he used every last bit of his willpower to quell the urge to flip her over and ram his aching cock deep inside her from behind. They'd only just met, but he wanted to do right by her. She was one fine little dawg, and she deserved every ounce of pleasure he could give her.

He engulfed her mouth, nibbling his sharp teeth across her lips. She moaned, tilting her head to slip her tongue out, licking his lips like a kid with a new flavor of popsicle.

He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feel of her tongue rasping across his lips. She might be new at this, but her instincts were bang on. He trailed a line of kisses across her cheek and down the slender column of her neck, pausing to flick his tongue over the pulse beating rapidly in the hollow of her throat.

He slid his hands lower and unsnapped the front closure of her bra to let her deliciously firm breasts spill free into his waiting hands. Kaylee leaned back onto the table, whimpering softly as he cupped the heavy mounds, his thumb raking over the dusky nipples straining eagerly toward his waiting mouth. He laved his tongue around the soft, warm flesh of one, licking it thoroughly before nipping the tightly pebbled tip. He took the time to savor each silken inch of skin as he used his tongue to explore the tasty morsel.

His cock swelled even fuller at the scent of her wildly creaming sex. He shifted his position slightly and paid equal attention to the other breast, enjoying Kaylee's small cries of arousal. He used his hands to explore her body, her back, the slight swell of her belly, the faint hollow of her hips. He moved his hands lower, hooking his fingers in the lacy scrap of material covering her sex and slipping it down over her legs, dropping it carelessly to the floor. He cupped her pussy with its covering of silky curls. Gently parting the tender folds that hid her pussy from his sight, he slid one finger into her slick heat.

"Ye gods!" Kaylee cried out, arching herself onto his finger as he slid a second one in to join the first in stroking the sensitive flesh inside her channel. "I want to feel that big cock of yours inside me. Now!"

The last word came out as a wail, and she brought her arms up to grab his hair with both hands as she arched against him, forcing his fingers deeper inside her creaming pussy. Her heat cycle must be at its peak, he reckoned, and any control she normally managed was washed away by the fiery imperative to mate.

"Easy, now." Logan lowered his voice to a soothing murmur. He planned to drag this out as long as he could. "You're not ready yet." He flicked his thumb across the hard nub of her clit and held her down when she bucked her hips against him.

"Shows how little you know." Kaylee jerked her hips impatiently. "I'm as ready as it gets."

Logan chuckled and trailed his lips down across her belly, stopping to dip his tongue in the sexy indent of her belly button. He didn't think he'd ever had a female so

eager for his attention. Kaylee twisted and squirmed beneath his touch, mewling little sounds of need and want escaping her lips.

Logan lifted her legs, placing them over his shoulders so that her sex lay spread wide open for his pleasure. The scent of her heat strained his meager control to the limits.

After two long months of celibacy, he needed this. Needed her. Taking the time to do it right was seven kinds of hell, but the dark, dazed look in her eyes made it worth the effort.

Chapter Five

Fiery darts of lust thundered through her veins, burning away her normal inhibitions. Kaylee watched the top of Logan's head as it moved toward her aching sex. He danced his tongue across the sensitive bud of her clit, and she just about levitated off the table at the white-hot flash of heat that exploded in her belly. He grasped her hips and held her still as he began to lick and suck, feasting like a man starved. Nibbling. Suckling. Stabbing his tongue deep into her waiting channel.

Kaylee closed her eyes and let the feelings aroused by his talented tongue sweep through her. She locked her legs around his neck and lay back on the table, dimly aware of the velvety surface rubbing abrasively against the naked skin of her back. She'd deal with the rug burn later.

Logan growled low in his throat, darting his tongue in and out, nipping her clit gently between his teeth. His hands were still busy, stroking and exploring, now sliding along the sensitive flesh of her inner thighs, now cupping her breasts and tweaking the tender nipples.

Her body responded to his touch, dancing and squirming while she whimpered and moaned, begging for more. She could feel herself spiraling out of control as he ruthlessly pushed her higher and higher, urging her on with mouth and teeth and hands. She'd had lovers before, but compared to Logan, compared to the feelings he aroused in her, they were mere boys, rank amateurs.

The orgasm started deep in her belly and rolled through her with all the pent-up energy of a steam locomotive. She screamed and thrashed as he held her, his tongue lapping at the juices spilling from her as wave after wave of pleasure washed through her. He stayed there, crouched between her thighs, her legs slung across his shoulders, until she opened her eyes to look at him.

"And now you need some loving, Prairie Dawg style." The deep timbre of his voice was almost a growl as he stood and slid up on the pool table beside her. He flipped her over on her belly and urged her up onto her hands and knees.

She followed his lead, bracing herself on all fours while he knelt behind her.

Prairie Dawg style? Must be some allusion to the biker gang.

She looked over her shoulder to see him take his massive cock in one hand, placing the plum-shaped head at the wet entrance of her sex. Grasping her hips, he slid the entire thick length into her with one hard thrust until his balls slapped up tight against her. She braced herself as he pulled out with a slow, liquid slide that had her gasping his name in a strangled moan. He reached around her, cupped her breasts in his hands and slowly started to thrust. In and out. The pace steady. Measured. Sending honeyed darts of pure pleasure dancing up her spine.

She rocked her hips back against him, meeting each thrust with one of her own, and he picked up his pace, rocketing into her harder. Faster.

She'd never made love this way before, down on her knees, unable to see her lover, but it felt so very good. So very, very right. She closed her eyes, feeling the tight slide of his cock in her channel, the furry slap of his balls as they bumped against her thighs, the heat building every time he squeezed her breasts or tweaked her aching nipples.

The smell of his sweat and the faint tinge of a very expensive aftershave sent primitive waves of need rolling through her.

The scent of him surrounded her, engulfing her with every breath. The dark, musky male odor mingled with hers and sent her hurtling toward another climax. Logan bent forward to nip her ear, his warm breath caressing her cheek. She whimpered and twisted her neck to rub her face along his, feeling the soft stubble of his beard.

Logan gave a sharp cry, pounding into her in a fierce frenzy, and she soared out of control, spiraling upward until her world exploded into a million wonderful

fragments. She felt his hot seed spurting deep within her as the muscles of her channel gripped his shaft.

They collapsed on the table in a tangle of limbs, and she was thankful for the soft, velvety surface. She opened her eyes, smiling contently as she looked into the eyes of her lover. A downy covering of soft fur covered his neck and chest.

Kaylee blinked. Fur?

Logan's eyes danced with mischief. "I guess it's about time to welcome you to the group."

She forced her pleasure-numbed mind to concentrate. "What group?"

He grinned and wrapped his arms around her, dropping a kiss on the tip of her nose. "The Prairie Dawg group. You're one of us." He looked pointedly at her forearms where they rested on his shoulders.

Kaylee looked down and gasped at the sight of the light, fluffy fur on her arms. She looked down at herself and saw a light dusting of golden fur covering her body. She tilted her head up to stare at Logan. The fur had receded, leaving the hard, sexy body she'd admired earlier.

She shook her head as a lot of things suddenly made sense. The huge prairie dog town, full of rodents that no one ever hunted. The biker gang that the whole town, including the local law enforcement, tolerated. The feeling she'd always had that she was different from her classmates. Even the bartender's resemblance to the cute little rodents.

A thought occurred and she wrinkled her nose. "You said my coworkers were reacting to the increased pheromone level?"

Logan nodded, his grin wickedly sexy. "You're in heat, baby, and every male within miles of Barkus can smell it. But they can just go jump back into their holes, because I got to you first, and I don't plan to share."

Kaylee relaxed and ran a finger down the smooth skin of his chest as she let a slow, seductive smile curve her lips. "Well then, I hope you're ready for a long, busy

night, 'cause this little dawg is horny as hell, and she's nowhere near ready to crawl into a burrow and nap."

Anne Kane

Anne Kane lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley with a bouncy Jack Russell terrier, a cantankerous Himalayan cat and too many fish to count. She has two handsome sons and three adorable grandchildren. By day, she's a respectable bean counter, but after hours her imagination soars and she writes romances that span the galaxy and encompass beings of all sizes, shapes and origins.

She first started telling stories as a toddler and she just can't seem to stop. When she's not busy working on her next story, her hobbies include kayaking, karate, hiking, motorcycles, swimming, skating, playing guitar, singing and of course, reading.